

with the color of your existence. No black is used, for I believe your lives will be wholly free from the black passions of wrath and jealousy. The darkest color here is blue, which is excellent where we do not make it too blue.

Other appropriate thoughts rise to my mind regarding these stockings. The most indifferent subjects, when viewed by the mind in a suitable frame, may furnish instructive inferences, as saith the poet :

"The iron dogs, the fuel and tongs,
The bellows that have leathern lungs;
The firewood, ashes, and the smoke,
Do all to righteousness provoke."

But to the subject. You will perceive that the tops of these stockings (by which I suppose courtship to be represented) are seamed, and by means of seaming are drawn into a snarl, but afterwards comes a time when the whole is made plain, and continues so to the end and final toeing off. By this, I wish you to take occasion to congratulate yourself, that you are now through with seeming and have come to plain reality. Again, as the whole of these comely stockings were not made at once, but by the addition of one little stitch after another, put in with skill and discretion, until the whole presents the fair, equal piece of work which you see, so life does not consist of one great action but millions of little ones combined, and so may it be with you. No stitch dropped where duties are to be performed, no widening made where bad principles are to be reprov'd, or economy is to be preserved; neither seaming nor narrowing where truth and generosity are in question. Thus, every stitch of life made right and set in the right place none either too large or too small too tight or too loose, thus may you keep on your smooth and even course, making existence one fair and consistent piece, until together, having passed the heel, you come to the very toe of life, and here, in the final narrowing off, and dropping the coil of this emblematical

pair of companions and comforting associates, nothing appears but white, the token of innocence and peace, of purity and light, may you, like these stockings, the final stitch being dropped, and the work being completed, go together from the place where you were formed, to a happier state of existence, a present from earth to heaven. Hoping that these stockings and admonitions may meet a cordial reception, I remain in the true blue friendship surely, yet without seeming, yours, from top to toe.

DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE INNER VOICE.

I saw a little spotted turtle sunning himself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile: for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys out of sport destroy birds, squirrels and the like, and I had the disposition to follow their wicked example but all at once something checked my little arm and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the next emotions—the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions—till the turtle had vanished from my sight.

I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong.

She wiped away a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said, "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it then it will speak clearer and clearer and always guide you aright; but if you turn a deaf ear, and disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice." THEODORE PARKER.

Time spent in discussing our neighbors' short-comings could be better used in setting them a good example.